



CHAPTER 17

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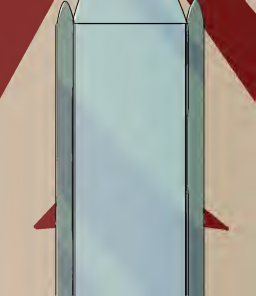
JOHN DOYLE



WHILE I STRUGGLED TO SLEEP
WHERE I WASN'T WELCOME,
MORNING HAD JUST BROKEN
AT THE MINISTRY.



JACQUELINE WAS THE
FIRST SESSION OF
THE DAY.

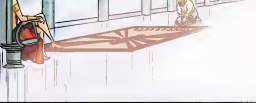


A comic book panel featuring a woman with dark hair pulled back, wearing a black sleeveless qipao with a high collar. She is looking upwards with a serious expression. A speech bubble above her head contains the text "LOOK AT ME.". The background is a light blue-grey gradient. On either side of the central panel are vertical decorative borders: the left one has a red and beige pattern, and the right one has a gold and beige pattern.

LOOK
AT ME.



FOR
GOODNESS SAKE,
I'VE GIVEN YOU A
MOMENT OUTSIDE
THAT WRETCHED ROOM.
YOU'RE RESISTANT TO
THE SHOCK THERAPY,
BUT PERHAPS OUR ONE
ON ONE SESSIONS
WILL FURTHER YOU
ALONG. LOOK
AT ME.





A person is lying face down on a light-colored floor. They are wearing a white long-sleeved shirt and brown trousers. Their arms are crossed in front of them, and their legs are slightly bent. The person's head is resting on the floor, and their feet are visible at the bottom right of the frame.

**YOU'RE A
MURDERER.**







SO DID
I. BECAUSE
OF YOU.

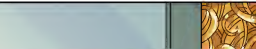


A comic book panel featuring a woman with dark hair and a black, high-collared, sequined dress. She is looking upwards with a serious expression. The background is a stylized, abstract design with red and gold geometric patterns, including a large 'X' shape. Three speech bubbles are positioned above her head, containing text.

NO. BECAUSE
YOU AND YOUR
NAIVE FRIENDS DISRUPT
ORDER, JACQUELINE.
DO YOU KNOW WHAT
LIFE WAS LIKE BEFORE
THE VACCINE?

EVERY
CHILDHOOD
FRIEND I HAD DIED
A VERY SLOW AND
PAINFUL DEATH.

I WAS
BORN INTO RUINS.
I WAS BORN INTO
PANIC. I WAS BORN
INTO A WORLD
OF CHAOS.





THERE
WAS NO HOPE.
THERE WAS NO
ORDER.



YOU CALL
THIS ORDER? THIS
HATEFUL, DEPRIVED
WORLD YOU'VE
CREATED?

OF
COURSE
NOT. THAT'S
WHY YOU'RE
HERE.







WHEN
YOUR SICKNESS
CAME ALONG, IT
THREATENED EVERY-
THING MY FATHER
WORKED SO HARD
FOR. YOU AND YOUR
KIND INFECTED A
WOUND THAT WAS
FINALLY BEGINNING
TO HEAL.

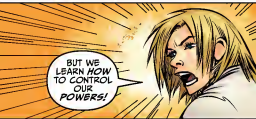
I'M NOT
SICK.

OH, BUT
YOU ARE. YOU
ARE DISEASED,
JACQUELINE.
YOU DENTS ARE
VOLATILE AND SO

UNPREDICTABLE.

AND YET YOU
EXPECT ME TO
PUT THE LIVES OF
THOSE AROUND YOU
AT RISK EVERY DAY,
HOPING YOU WON'T
KILL THEM WITH A
SIMPLE TEMPER
TANTRUM.

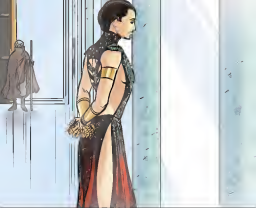




BUT WE
LEARN HOW
TO CONTROL
OUR
POWERS!



AND HOW
MANY INNOCENT
CIVILIANS WILL YOU
LEAVE IN YOUR WAKE
UNTIL YOU DO? MY DEAR,
YOU DON'T KNOW THE
MEANING OF CONTROL. I
CAN TEACH YOU. DON'T
YOU REALIZE I'M
OFFERING YOU
SALVATION?





THE COMMUNE LEADERS OFFERED US THEIR SUPPLY TENT TO SLEEP IN. IT WAS HARDLY GRACIOUS OF THEM, BUT I WAS RELIEVED TO SHUT MY EYES AFTER ALL THE TRAVEL.

ALERIA WASN'T SURE OF STAYING THE NIGHT, BUT MY AUNT STILL BELIEVED THAT GOOD COULD BE FOUND IN THOSE WHO HAD ESCAPED BEYOND THE CITY WALLS.

A comic book panel showing a character with long, curly white hair and a small brown headband lying on the ground, looking up. Above them is a large wooden structure, possibly a door or a wall, with a dark, ornate handle. A speech bubble from the structure says "STAY QUIET! I'M HERE TO HELP." The scene is set in a dark, possibly underground or enclosed space.

**STAY
QUIET! I'M
HERE TO
HELP.**





WHAT
THE HELL
ARE YOU
DOING?

CHLOE
ANDERSON,
RIGHT? I KNEW
I RECOGNIZED
YOU THE MOMENT
YOU WALKED INTO
CAMP.



WB'VS
MBT?



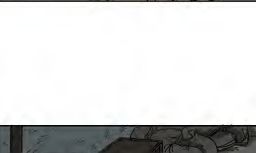


DAVID
SCOTT. I WAS A
COUPLE YEARS
YOUNGER THAN YOU
WHEN YOU RAN OFF.
WAS TRAINING TO BE
A HUNTER MYSELF AT
THE TIME. I'M FROM
CITY 264.



JESUS
CHRIST.
YOU WERE
A LITTLE
KID.

WE BOTH
WERE. YOU GAVE
ME THE COURAGE
TO GET OUT OF THAT
AWFUL PLACE. NOW I
GOTTA GET YOU OUT
OF HERE.



ALERIA!






**EASY! I'M
TRYING TO
SAVE YOUR
ASSES.**



THE OLD MAN WANTS YOUR
AN-23. HE RECOGNIZED LITTLE
BLONDIE OVER THERE. SHE'S
BEEN ALL OVER THE MINISTRY
REPORTS. THEY'VE BEEN
OFFERING REWARDS FOR
HER. DON'T YOU KNOW
THAT?







YES, BUT I
NEVER THOUGHT
ANYONE WHO ESCAPED
THE MINISTRY WOULD
FALL FOR IT. THEY'LL
DESTROY THIS
PLACE.



HE'S
ALREADY
CONTACTED
THEM. YOU HAVE
TO LEAVE,
NOW.

HOW DO
WE KNOW



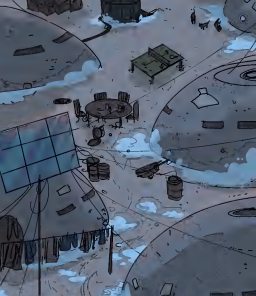
YOU CAN BE
TRUSTED?

YOU
DON'T. BUT
I DID BRING
YOU *THIS*.













WHAT
ARE YOU
GOING TELL
THEM?

THAT
SOME BAD
ASS EX-HUNTER
BEAT ME UP AND
RAN OFF WITH ONE

OF OUR FUEL
CELLS.



COME
WITH US DAVID.
THE MINISTRY ISN'T
GOING TO BE HAPPY
WHEN THEY ARRIVE TO
FIND THAT ELEANOR
ISN'T HERE.



WHICH IS
EXACTLY WHY
I HAVE TO STAY.
MILES MAY BE AN
IDIOT, BUT THERE
ARE GOOD PEOPLE
IN THAT COMMUNE.
I CAN'T DESERT
THEM.



A comic book panel set in a snowy, mountainous landscape. In the upper half, a man with dark hair and a beard, wearing a dark jacket and brown pants, is perched on the edge of a dark, snow-covered roof. He is looking down towards a group of people below. The background is filled with numerous evergreen trees heavily laden with snow. In the lower half, a group of people are gathered. A man with a beard and a green jacket is visible, looking up at the man on the roof. Another man with dark hair and a beard is also looking up. The scene is lit with a soft, orange glow, suggesting a sunset or sunrise. A speech bubble from the man on the roof contains the text: "YOU WON'T HAVE TO, DAVID... YOU'LL NEVER STEP FOOT IN MY CAMP AGAIN."

YOU
WON'T HAVE
TO, DAVID...
YOU'LL NEVER
STEP FOOT IN
MY CAMP
AGAIN.



IF I SEE
A SINGLE HAND
START TO GLOW
ON ONE OF YOU
FREAKS, YOU'RE
ALL DEAD.



